

2011

## Drama Queens & Gossip Fiends

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### Recommended Citation

Ditkovich, Allie (2011) "Drama Queens & Gossip Fiends," *Intertext*: Vol. 19 : Iss. 1 , Article 2.  
Available at: <https://surface.syr.edu/intertext/vol19/iss1/2>

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# D R A M A Queens & gossip fiends by Allie Ditkovich

photos, art, & design  
by Benjamin Zender  
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# There's a lot more

to residence halls than floors complete with bathrooms, beds, and residents—there are also vending machines—but what is truly special about the buildings is what lies just beyond the lobby, through the doors and into the halls.

Teenage girls are ridiculous. I should know—I fall perfectly into that category, and unfortunately I'm stuck there for another two years. What is so ridiculous about teenage girls you may ask? Well, a lot—and through PMS, boys, alcohol, boys, drugs, poor attention spans and sleep deprivation you too will become familiar with teenage girls in their natural habitat, but let's go back to where it all begins.

High school is a breeding ground for teenage girls. It is where the drama starts, and where most naïve individuals believe it ends—but of course, they are terribly mistaken. You see, when you strip yourself of your graduation cap and gown, the stench of drama remains, and no amount of soap can remove it from your flesh, as only personal and intellectual growth can truly shed the skin of adolescence. Thus, when you arrive at college, you are still in this old, dramatic skin with thoughts of being this cool new kid in town with hopes of making a million and a half friends and dating your professor for a guaranteed "A." Then, you realize your floor consists of fifteen other girls, all freshmen—fuck.

I must warn you that venturing into the world of college freshmen girls may be detrimental to your health, unless you're a college freshmen male, then it may be very beneficial for you. Nonetheless, the following stories are actual instances that have occurred on the ground floor of my residence hall over the course of the 2008-2009 academic year. It amazes me to see just how much can happen over such a short span of time, and how these numerous events can join forces to make seven months seem like an eternity.



# what's that noise?

Water fountains are one of humanity's many great inventions. They are conveniently placed on walls to ensure no one walks into them, though I have fallen victim to many, and they dispense water—wonderful pure water—hopefully not from Onondaga Lake. One day, while in my dorm, my friend Sarah stormed in claiming she got a lot more than just water from her trip to the fountain. Sarah is one of those girls who just doesn't give a shit about anything, unless it's something worth sticking around for. She's a small girl, but packs a hyperactivity that gives a Mexican jumping bean on Cinco De Mayo a run for its money. Despite her craziness, underneath all her constant movement, and spandex pants, she is always around to lend a hand—until her attention span gives out due to her raging ADD.

Naturally, I dropped whatever I was doing, most likely playing Guitar Hero, and ran to the fountain. When I arrived, some ten feet later, I stared at the fountain in amazement, as it was just that—a fountain. I was then interrupted by a vague shrieking sound coming from behind Michelle's door, conveniently located right across from the water fountain. After I peeled the virgin skin away from my eardrums, it became apparent to me that Michelle was having sex in that very room and was loud enough to give anyone taking a sip at the fountain

a free audio show. Her room was the first one on our floor—the ground floor—thus it was located directly by the main door meaning her sound effects could be heard by many passersby on the way to their respective dorm rooms.


Aside from the ideal location of Michelle's room and her sighs of joy, I still felt the need to make sure everyone knew what was going on—because, as I said, I too am a teenager posing as a freshman in college. So I ran directly to Kendra and Sasha's room and burst through the door—not literally—but they always insist that I just let myself in, so I did without hesitation and immediately told them to take a walk to the water fountain. They did, and thoroughly enjoyed it. We all felt like such perverted human beings, but come on, Michelle was loud enough to be heard in Fayetteville, and I'm surprised her bed is still intact with all the squeaking we had to bear.

# silent shower

There's no denying that most college kids enjoy fornicating, and will go to great lengths to do so. One act in particular struck me as different, though, and must be shared. It all started one evening when I was hanging out in Kendra and Sasha's room when we heard some commotion in the hallway and became suspicious. Kendra and Sasha are both totally different personalities—I'm talking polar opposites. One, Kendra, is reserved, studious, and narcoleptic, while the other, Sasha, parties

hard and has perfected the art of sleeping in a different bed every night while still managing to make it to class on time at eight AM the next morning. This habit was more prevalent first semester, but that's beside the point. Sasha and I are the only two Jewish girls on our floor, thus we are nosy (no pun intended), and always see it fit to get the 411 on everyone and everything. So, of course, when we heard a noise we had to take a peak through the peephole to see what all the fuss was about. Nothing. We saw nothing. Now we were both confused and intrigued, as we knew something was happening—but what? Then we heard it, our first clue! The bathroom door slammed and as the hinge folded, we were out the door and into the bathroom faster than a stay-at-home-mom into a Gucci sample sale. When we caught our breath, we immediately held it again to assure we wouldn't laugh loud enough to be detected. We waited about thirty-seconds until we realized there was nothing to be seen, so we left with our hopes of discovering some new juicy information crushed.

About an hour passed, and it was time for me to brush my teeth so I walked to the bathroom and positioned myself at one of the lovely three sinks often covered in food and hair. I was brushing away when I noticed something odd—the curtain to the handicap shower was closed, and the water was on. Now, not only was it about two in the morning, but no one, and I mean no one used the handicap shower. The nozzle is all messed up, the drain is moldy, there's a germ-infested bench—it's just an awkward shower in general. The other two showers weren't in use, so why would anyone be in the handicap one? I was puzzled, but I needed to find out immediately, so I ran into Sasha and Kendra's room once again to share my findings. Sasha grabbed her toothbrush before I could finish my sentence and we both found ourselves in the bathroom using our investigative skills—pretending to brush our teeth while we made faces at each other with hopes of finding out who was in that shower stall and why. We began to feel down on our luck, but then I saw it—the curtain moved! A sign of life! But the question of which life still remained. Sasha moved to the side to peek in—I admire her courage—and discovered that the person in the shower was actually the people in the shower! Two to be exact! And they were fully clothed! I couldn't understand, for the life of me, how this was possible,



or why this was possible. It was clear in both our minds that further investigation was required, so we stopped to gather our thoughts.

After some brainstorming and critical thinking, we came to the conclusion that we had no conclusion, so we left the bathroom and returned to Sasha's room with faces full of disappointment. Just then, something miraculous happened—we both had an epiphany! "Let's stare at the bathroom door until we see someone come out!" we both suggested. So we did, through the peephole of course to further remain anonymous in our research, and then saw the likes of Mary and her apparent boyfriend Harold. I say apparent because they claim to be exclusive, but fight like inmates on death row, and I just so happen to see her making out with other various boys, who are not Harold, at frat parties on a regular basis. We may never know what went down that night in the handicap shower, but considering both Mary and Harold were completely dry upon leaving the bathroom, it's safe to say that lather, rinse, repeat was not on their agenda that evening.

## h o w does this work?

It was a lovely day in Kimmel Hall when Sasha informed us she agreed to go on a date with a boy she met at the airport. We, her fellow floor mates, were quite hesitant to let her go considering this boy was really a man, as he was thirty-three years old, making him fifteen years her senior—ridiculous. But in the life of a teenage girl, older translates into more experience, and in all honesty, he didn't look a day over twenty-five, so I guess it could be deemed acceptable in girl world.

Bob agreed to pick Sasha up around six that evening to take her to the mall for some dinner and a movie—how original. Before he arrived, Kendra, Sasha's roommate, handed her a bottle of pepper spray, "take this just in case, you never know" she said, and Sasha tossed the bottle into her purse. Kendra was working the main desk that evening, so Sasha requested that I walk with her to Bob's car to make sure he didn't have a gun and duct tape. Everything checked out and she hopped into his Jeep—they



were on their way.

Back at Kimmel, I stood at the desk talking to Kendra who was a bag full of nerves. We kept making jokes about “worst case scenarios,” but we both assured ourselves that everything would be just fine in the end. Then Kendra started receiving a series of text messages from Sasha exclaiming that she wanted to come home immediately, and that she regretted ever getting into his car in the first place. Fifteen minutes later she was back, and boy did she have a story to tell.

As it turns out, Bob went in for the kill, and by kill I mean kiss, as soon as Sasha hopped into the car—first red flag. Then he decided to park his car in the farthest spot possible, away from all signs of life—second red flag. For most girls, two red flags is enough to begin writing an S.O.S message, but, of course, Sasha isn’t like most girls. Upon exiting his car, Bob requested that she come around to the back and see something in his trunk. That “something” in his trunk was a blanket and pillows he stationed there himself—third red flag. He turned the back of his car into a pseudo bed—something one should never do, unless of course you’re traveling cross-country and want to save money on hotels, but the mall is ten minutes away, so Bob committed a car-bed faux paw. Knowing exactly what the layout in his trunk was hinting at, Sasha immediately yelled “I am NOT having sex with you!”, “come on, at least give me something,” he said, but Sasha wouldn’t give in and demanded that he take her home immediately. Then, the unthinkable happened—Sasha pulled out the pepper spray—bet you didn’t see that coming. Bob grew visibly angry, and started to yell at her, so she held the can up to his face and yelled “take me home RIGHT now!”—He took her home.

Kendra and I were still at the front desk when we saw her walk in, which is when

she told us everything that I just told you. She acted it out in such a way that it could have easily been incorporated into an episode of Gossip Girl or The OC, and given the award for most melodramatic episode in the history of television—maybe I’ll sell the story one day. After sharing her experience, she handed Kendra back her pepper spray and thanked her, when all three of us realized we didn’t even know how to use a can of pepper spray in the first place. Kendra took the bottle and pressed a few different buttons—nothing. Then, she pulled something and pushed something else and WHAM!—pepper spray. We laughed because the spray’s sudden appearance frightened us all, but then we carried on with our lives, until Kendra started to cough, and both Sasha and I started to choke.

As it turns out, upon spraying pepper spray, it disperses into the open air and attacks people’s noses and throats—talk about learning something the hard way. To make the situation worse, it was like a bus has just gotten in, and people from all four floors were walking in and out of the building right through the scene of the crime. Everyone began to smell the horrific smell, and coughing replaced the squeaking of the nearby furnace. It was terrible, and we didn’t know what else to do other than to grab our Resident Advisor Kevin. He didn’t know what to do either so he called the Department of Public Safety. While we waited for DPS to show up—from a safe distance—we kindly warned our fellow dorm-mates to hold their breath while walking through the lobby, so that they wouldn’t begin to choke and eventually seize on the floor. Once DPS arrived, they addressed the situation, which included asking Kendra, the proper owner of the spray, what had happened. Kendra got written up, and we all lost a few brain cells, but that one little can was the sole reason why our dear friend Sasha was able to avoid a possible raping that evening.

# late night closet visitor

Initiation parties are known to be a raging good time full of blacking out and making out—not mistaking your closet for a restroom. It had been a long six weeks of pledging for me and the other girls, Michelle, Sarah, Mary, and Sasha, on the floor who took part in the process, and they all couldn't wait to break the dry spell and pour liquor down their throats like it's 1919 and prohibition starts tomorrow. This is what Sasha did—to a great extent—and was record-breaking drunk when she returned home to her dorm room later that evening, or early the next morning, however you choose to put it.

Not only did she not remember the party at all, but she threw up all over her room, and on her roommate Kendra's arm—what a mess—but it gets better. While Kendra was trying to sleep, she heard Sasha rustling with the noisy closet doors and looked to see what was happening. She then looked up to find her roommate nowhere in sight. Some two minutes later, a half-naked Sasha opened the door, stepped out, closed the closet and returned to her bed. Kendra was confused, as anyone who witnessed what she did would be, and had to further investigate the situation. As it turns out, Sasha mistook her closet for the bathroom, and turned her hamper into a navy-blue, mesh toilet—I'm sure you can all see the resemblance. The next morning, I walked through the halls to find a pile of clothes sitting in the hallway just outside Sasha's room. When



I asked what it was doing there, she told me it was the clothing she urinated on last night so she put it in the hall to air out—talk about airing your dirty laundry in public!

# in the e n d

Gas is to cars, as gossip is to teenage girls. Cars cannot function without gas, and teenage girls rely on gossip to get them through the day and feel better about themselves. Both gas and gossip pollute the air, so they have more in common than one may think. I am ashamed to admit it, but I thrive on gossip, and being at the epicenter for gossip, a floor full of freshmen girls, I find gossip as easy as I find condoms in the bathroom trashcan. No matter how you look at the life of a teenage girl, especially those just recently set free into the college world—the word gossip is bound to surface at some point. The truth is, gossip is an unstoppable force, and I'm convinced that if teenage girls put only half as much effort into researching educational topics as they do into researching gossip sites, cancer would be cured and polar ice caps would stop melting.